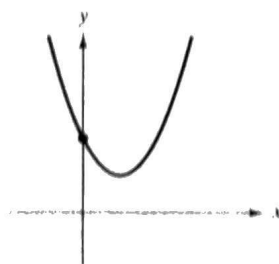


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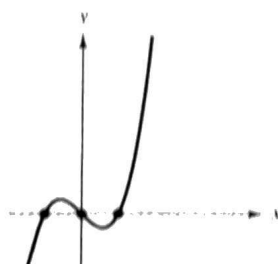
BE BRAVE BOLD ROBOT

Moin Moin. If you are reading this, you are most likely holding this paper here. That being the case, I have to tell you something. I now have your fingerprints. This paper that you are holding against your skin (unless you are wearing gloves, which I doubt you are. Are you wearing gloves? I didn't think so.) has been fiber-optically enhanced as to sense, process and save fingerprint information. You remember in the Inspector Gadget cartoons, how the Missions Information Memo would blow up after Gadget read it? It's that kind of technology. How can I afford this? I am smelly rich. This zine is a hobby. What am I going to do with your fingerprints? Well, as with most rich people, I have come to know many professional convicts, active and retired. In such social circles, there is a continuous demand for identity replacement, and the materials needed to do such a thing. Your fingerprint is the cornerstone to setting up a new identity for someone. Don't worry, they most likely won't abuse this privilege. At this point, said convicts are mostly concerned with living out the rest of their lives as free and removed from modern society as possible. So, my point. If you would like me to destroy your fingerprint information, you must email me and request that I do so. It's not much work on your part. It's just a way for me to have some connection with this zine once it leaves my hands. I just want to know that it's being read. you know...a little encouragement. that's all. That's not too much to ask, is it?.....and I'm just kidding about the fingerprints. I wouldn't do that to you. I appreciate you. email me. Be Brave. do it. Thanks.

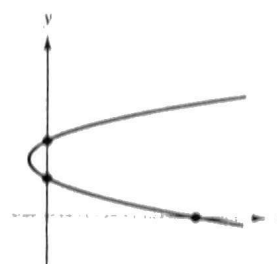
deanhaakenson@yahoo.com



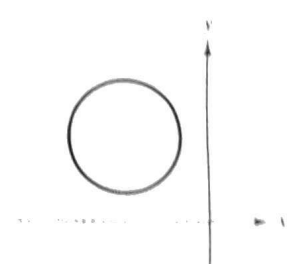
No x -intercepts
One y -intercept



Three x -intercepts
One y -intercept



One x -intercept
Two y -intercepts



No intercepts

Excerpts from The Journal I kept whilst Neal Pollack and I were stranded in the distant past, on a floating island made of petrified Dinosaur manure; out of smokes and withdrawing slightly.

Day 3: Shit. One might think that the shock of my current situation would have worn off by now but it has not. But, I do have the mind to provide a little background for this logbook here. Three days ago, Neal and I arrived at Neal's house on the outset of a very unsuccessful attempt at getting laid (not by each other, of course, but beyond that, we weren't being very picky). We dressed ourselves up and headed to the local discotheque to play the dating game. Neal struck out twice and I drank myself too silly before I got a chance to try. A transvestite fella named "Sally" did buy me a drink and offered to relieve my tension, but he really did nothing for me. Nice guy though. The only things we managed to collectively score were a cocktail glass and two hits of what looked to be some really good Ecstasy. Weird looking pills, bright blue gelcaps. They seemed electric and alive. Of course, being drunken, I took my pill when Neal took his and didn't think much about it. But looking back, there was something just not quite right about that blue. It reminded me of fire. A Blue flame dancing coolly as it burns away the rain.

So we started tripping and arrived home in good spirits. The Refrigerator was plentiful, the music came out so sweet, my steady hand created, and the carpet soothed my feet. And then....as we started to peak, Neal kind of paused and a look of panic came over his face. "What the hell was that?!", he pleaded in a frightened tone. I had never seen him that way, so it greatly frightened me also.

"What?" I asked softly

"I don't feel righttt.t...." and as he said it, I started to feel not so right myself. The world seemed to kind of bend at certain angles that I was not accustomed to. Everything seemed to take on a cool blue fuzzy tone and sounds dulled. I was "accelerating", for lack of a better word, yet completely standing still. My equilibrium was non-existent. I looked around the room and Neal was staring at the wall behind me, blank faced. A few seconds passed and everything went from a blue to completely white. I whited out.

My vision returned in a few short moments and I was here on this fucking piece of shit (ha!) with this Neal here whom I was already beginning to get sick of (no offense Neal, if you happen to go behind my BACK AND READ MY THINGS YOU CRAPPY COOZ!!). We literally are stranded on what appears to be a large circular-floating piece of dung that must have been pinched off by the Almighty himself. In a moment of desperation, Jah squats near the weaker ones. We are currently floating about two or three miles off the shore of this jungle looking stretch of land. The water is surprisingly calm, but, much to my dismay, I have not seen one living thing. No fish. I think we are slowly floating farther and farther out to sea. I tried to paddle this floating thing towards land, but I didn't appear to be making any difference and this water is so murky that I would rather not be touching it. The Aquaboogieman. Our Death Barge is circular, about 100 feet across, and full of this weed-like grass that smells like mint and tastes like broccoli. It is our only sustenance and whistles well when you put it in between your thumbs like that.

We have run through all of the jokes that we know, twice, and I remember all of them. That's something that never happened to me back at that place where I knew where everything was and I wasn't stranded. At a party or a time of social awkwardness, when a joke would have been perfectly placed, I couldn't remember even the dumb ones. Now on this island with Mr. Talk all the time, I am suddenly Henny freakin' Youngman. Take my life, Please.....or at least trade it for a fish sandwich.

And Neal. Man, Neal is losing it. About halfway through yesterday, Neal just started rambling about this and that. Intelligent things. Philosophical thoughts and deeply meaningful questions. I remember wishing that I had a tape recorder. Now I wish I had some tape because he won't shut up. Neal is rambling as I write this. Mumbling. He's gotten himself down to television commercial jingles and sentence fragments of no particular order.

"Just because you put two words together, Neal, doesn't mean that it makes sense." I just said. I don't even think Neal was talking to me. I think I'm starting to ramble, myself. We know not when or where or why we are and, oddly, both Neal and I are contently dealing with the matter.

Day 5: Neal was pissing into the water, when all of a sudden, a large snake-eel looking thing jumped out of the water, gobbling up Neal's manflow, and landed on the edge of our bioraft. Neal quickly stepped on it's midriff and I, like lightening, stomped on it's head until it was dead. I have never seen anything like this creature before and I don't want to know if it was a big or small animal for this ecosystem that we have found ourselves in, but man, did that thing taste good. Of course we are starving, but me and Neal both thought that, even raw, that thing tasted like a BBQ tofu/eggplant surpriseslightly undercooked.

Day 6: well, I think me and Neal are gonna die. The Land is barely visible now and there isn't as much mint grass as there used to be. Neal is being really optimistic and is still singing about and always trying to keep me talking. Maybe he is just delusional. Maybe he knows something that I don't. I don't see any reason to go on caring.

Day 7: today, I tried to kill myself by jumping in the water and drowning, but it is certainly harder than I thought it would be. You get to a point where you are ready to do it and you are under the water and you go to open your mouth and then your body won't let you. Like some defense mechanism, I tried to breath in some water, but I got a little bit in my lungs, closed it up, struggled to the top, where Neal pulled me out, and coughed myself back to breath.

Day 9: weak. Neal is gone. I don't know where he went, but he is gone. Maybe he swam back toward the land. Good luck Neal, wherever you are. You the Bomb. I think I will sleep now.....

can we please go ahead of our selves
just for a hour or two
i swear i won t be mad or hurt when it all blo ws up in our face
or maybe it s not like that but oh god right know i can t wait
to find out just what it is that is going on herein this room
with so much anticapation

Desidero . . .

un po' di frutta

una bottiglia di vino

*un' altra bottiglia di
vino*

un po' di più

un po' più di pane

un po' più di carne

Il conto, per favore.

I would like . . .

some fruit (assorted)

a bottle of wine

another bottle of wine

a little more

a little more bread

a little more meat

The check, please.

*i think kneeling is the worst part of this process.....
humiliating.....*

even though no one can see.....

but its mandatory i suppose.....

it's hard to let go at first...

*but each rise from my stomach is like restitution....
and when it's over...*

i like to lay on the bath room floor.....

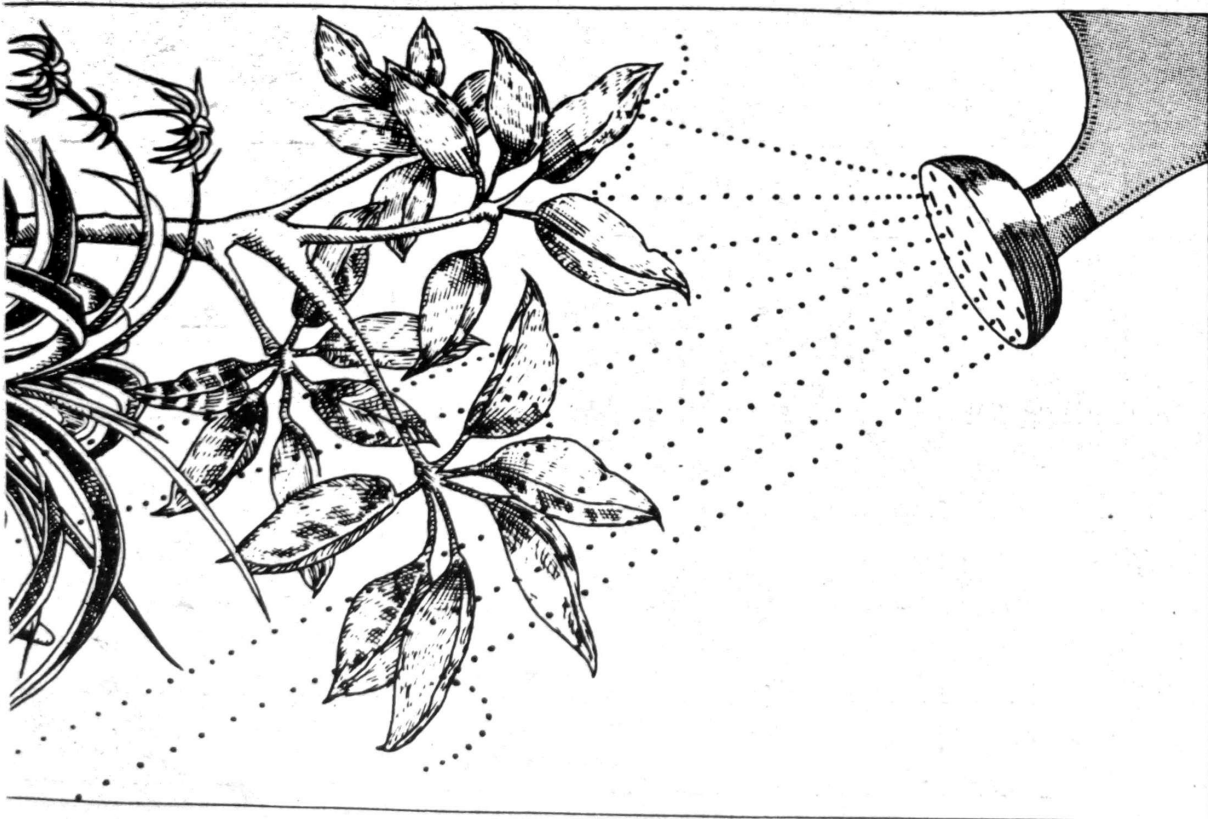
*and pretend that i too am a piece of linoleum.....
without irresistible and uncontrollable urges.*

Different people do different things. It is just a fact of life that most everyone, this assumption not pertaining to individuals that are uncomfortable in their own skin, accepts. I cut my finger something awful last night. I was reaching for a glass and fumbled quite clumsily. At the exact moment the glass shattered, I caught it resulting in injury to the glass and myself. I went to the hospital and was taken care of quickly and efficiently. The doctor that stitched me up was from New York. She had the strangest New York accent I have ever heard. I came home afterwards and went directly to bed.

Today, I am immobile, left only to view the entrails of the glass and doze in and out of sleep whilst listening to my records.

Different people do different things. In the last hour or so I have done nothing but look through old papers and listen to old songs and think old thoughts. It propelled me to sit down and write. So I lied (and am lying) in this mildly bizarre position (in respect to my injury and perhaps more so to my awkward body frame) and stared at this paper for a long time. Having an injury that is only incapacitating on a mediocre level is a strange thing to deal with. For instance I can function in society but I cannot button my pants nor do anything that requires two hands. So, as if possessed with some kind of moment that does not come to me often, I bumped about the house, found a pen, and plopped gracelessly next to the stereo in the position mentioned previously. I looked at the paper, examining its density and temerity, calculating its bearing and worth in society, wondering if it had any kind of identity, and I thought about my current situation.

Different people, different things.



Rose had a tendency to overwater her plants, so she devised a schedule. One Tuesday in 1985, when she watered all her plants, she noted that she would next water her cactus on Monday in the second week after that. In that same week, she would also water her aloe on Tuesday, having watered it once in between; and her spider plant on Thursday, having watered it three times in between. She further noted that she would water these three plants together again in 1985. Her waterings for each plant were evenly spaced, i.e., the same number of days apart. On what date in 1985 did she water these three plants together for the second time? *Solution is on page 64.*

**DEDUCTION PUZZLE: WATERING
ON SCHEDULE**

BY LYN ROSEN



I have had jury duty all this week. Overall it has been an interesting experience. I have begun waking up earlier consequently and I feel like an escapee. As if I am living in secret among the eight to fivers, disguised as juror number seven, waiting to be discovered for the fraud that I must be and told to retreat to bagging groceries and unsettling twenty something nights. It is almost exciting in some very sad way. One thing I am almost certain of, this thesis derived from extensive research and relations with my fellow person, is how out of step I must be. I find my self embraced by the kindness of the new and strange people I meet, yet am completely confused by the way they appear to concentrate and the things they appear to focus upon. Today at jury duty my fellow jurors and I were sitting in the hall grazing when I was asked—with what appeared to be genuine concern—what happened to my finger. I responded—as I had responded several times that day—with a complete briefing of the glass breaking incident. The lady then asked if I had had a hard time sleeping with such a bulky bandage and the discomfort I was obviously feeling. I in turn made a bit of a joke and simply told her that I suffocated myself with my pillow until I passed out, to avoid the calamity of actually having to fall asleep without aid. As the last words of my sentence resonated in the air she simply replied “uh-huh” and turned her head as if suddenly a horrendous stench has suddenly begun exhuming from my ever pour, and my nervous laughter and inaudible banter was frightfully annoying and confusing. Initially I was bothered by this. How rude, I thought, what tenacity...but upon reflection...who could possibly take that type of sarcasm when completely unprepared? Who was I to shatter our friendly relationship with an overtly bizarre and violent remark?

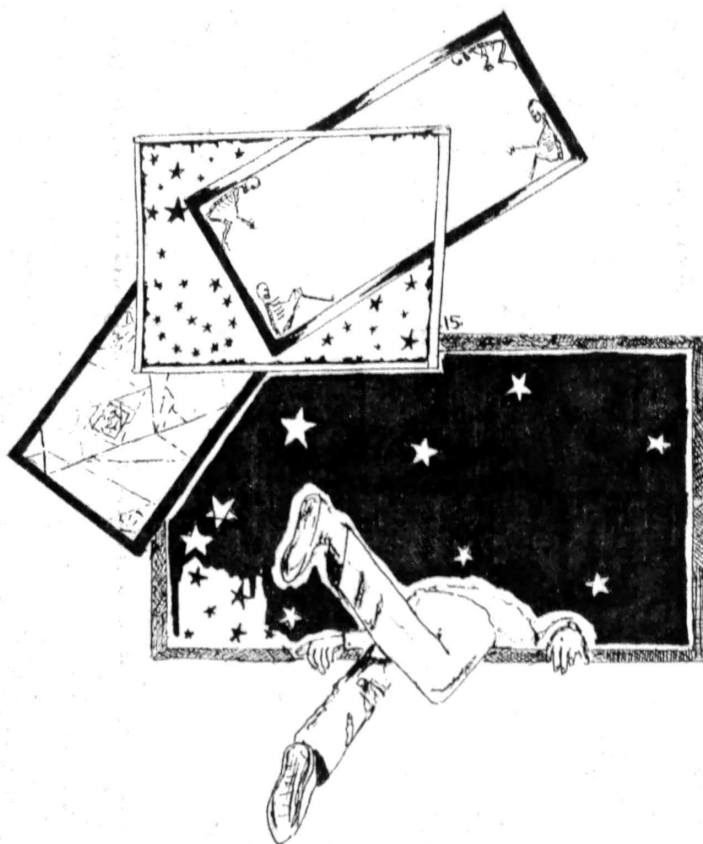
.....

My ears ring all the time now, I guess I just never noticed before.

.....

I cleaned my finger just now, carefully replacing the old bandages with new ones and wrapping it back up. I have never really injured myself in a way where I had to tend to the wound daily. It is a tedious task and I am thankful that the degree of the injury is not one that will affect me for a great period of time. It does however make me appreciate the body of my body and its structure and defense systems. It is amazing to watch my finger slowly rebuild itself. However I did feel quite pathetic when I was attempting to play my guitar minus an important appendage. I went to have some coffee with Kathryn and Justice in hopes of making something of my Sunday. It was a very strange endeavor. My band recently broke up with harsh feelings abound and I had had no contact with my drummer (for it was at his mercy that emotions had come up rotten). Needless to say I was not in a place where I wanted to communicate with him. I have found that a little time can do a lot of good in touchy situations. But I digress. So upon purchasing my coffee and walking outside to the smoking area, who do I see but Andres the drummer, also enjoying a cup of coffee, with his girlfriend May, and two other girls I have never met. I took a deep breath and was on my way to confront the four of them when May stood and approached me. We chatted about this and that. She mentioned the bandage on my finger and although my first inclination was to make up some kind of elaborate lie that would make her suddenly lose her lunch and in turn induce sympathetic vomiters every where to join the chorus line, I shrugged and told her I cut myself. There was a little bit more small talk and then she went back and sat down. I walked by Andres and we shook hands and said hello to each other but that was it. I went to the table where Kathryn and Justice were already sitting and began to gently recline, and then touch ground over and over again. I lit a cigarette and listened for awhile. Kathryn and Justice were talking a little bit louder than everyone else outside was and I felt a little embarrassed, but it didn't really bother me. Underneath the two of them taking—about some kind of rally for WEAVE or something like that—I could hear the people at Andres' table looking over at me and talking in joshed voices. Occasionally I would look up at them as if by accident and I would catch a pair of eyes, like an animals eyes at night, but they quickly turned away. Just when I was at the breaking point and felt as if I was going to scream and begin tearing my clothes off feverishly so they would have something to look at, they all stood and approached us to say their goodbyes. Andres put his arm around me, attempting to...I don't know what, told me to call him. I said that I would and that we had a lot to talk about. Andres said goodbye to Kathryn and Justice in a very formal and strange way, and then walked away. Margo, and the other nameless girls, waved, cooed goodbye, and were gone. One of the nameless girls stared at me for too long when she was

start my car
 it all seems a bit like a dream
 "i really dont know you that well"
 drink enough courage to kiss in a room filled with nervous habits
 and im think to my self
 i ve never had anything like this before
 thoughts and feelings are rarly ever well received
 but you understood at least i think you did



every one feel asleep and i focused on the road
 focused on thought s of love and the impending doom of reality
 that forces it head into the hearts of me and all my friends
 taking confort in the battle to save them selves from the world out
 side
 dramatic

on third day.

Couldn't find the right knife, he kept shuffling in the slot around style after style of terrible cheap designs. Again flicking an itch from his ear as if an insect. He gave up and went to forks. The ice-cream had melted at the carton edges though being fresh from the freezer and the kitchen cool. Normally he set a cube of the pliable mush centered at the plate edge waiting on a puddle to form before taking the first bite but, gave unquestioned disappointed at melting while in the carton. The fork stabbed repeatedly in and out making a dot formation then the prongs slid along the markings to create a line; steps given slight importance. Thought before his prepared share was extracted he switched to thoughts of sprinkles. About him, like monkey arms his scanned the cupboards. Only vanilla extract and baking soda. He returned to the dessert thinking the fork stood up in the ice cream, looked like a speared buffalo. The lid was put back on then fork washed clean under steaming water. The fly landed on a spot of melting ice-cream. Walking out of the kitchen he left the plate empty on the counter top.

His dog lay in the moon light on the living room floor breathing deeply, her leg twitched the way would a coiled spring. He wondered what she must be dreaming, chasing fake ducks and mice most likely. His envy couldn't recall the last time a dream seemed so real. Sat on the couch near his dog he could better hear her breathe. It felt good just to sit with the dry blue light and empathize with the removed. Lax induced a motion like a cartoon character on a frozen lake, a smoothness unreal but tempting. 3:12am sleep had eluded responsibility again. "No matter," said quietly at the walls. The plane left in two nights: and beginning now, to care for all of this with so much energy spent volleyed between avoidance or ignoring seemed too insincere. He was embarrassed to face the disappointment of accepting how much was wasted forgetting chance, repeating the same day for three years. At least a fake show of loss would shade the memories differently, more comfortable, or just less obligatory. Coasting seemed appropriate even if he knew it would become regret. His dog's nose grazed his hand. Her chin set down on his wrist and mouth smacked around a yawn. Their duo had been a year, but the connection existing was older. She was his second dog. For the five year relationship with the first he never found fondness, appreciation never left its food dish empty for an inexcusable duration, but there was never caring. Susie, in contrast, was immediately enjoyed. He felt sad about that at least, *leaving something he cared for*. He thought of mice and ducks and dogs sliding on a frozen lake. She was back on the floor at the edge of the rug already asleep. He stood to walk away thinking exercise which lifted a paw and head. He was mistaken she was only faking. "Should I sleep with you tonight?" said crouching on all fours mashing his hair into her ribs. There was nothing left for him to do but begin packing.

The landlady was up early in the morning, one other adjustment to habit newly acquired which age made attempting to thwart the usual. She was looking for a spray oil to coat the grill with. Both heels left the wood floor. Comments were made on Adam's early rising as he sat him self at the small round breakfast table. He responded a well practiced quote and pushed the advertisements separate from the morning paper. "Did you pack any last night?" "No, I was too tired to sleep, or stay away." "Sure you aren't too tired now? Why are you up so early?" "I don't know. I just woke up without thinking about it." "Well that's a silly thing to do. How do you expect the rest of your day to go well with that kind of beginning." "Like the ones before mostly." "Not for long. Soon it will be such a tight repetition you will respect the untamed nature of indifference." "I hope not. It drives me to watch soap opera." "How those sleepy little towns get in so much trouble..." She had closed the lid on the waffle batter sizzling on the grill

and turned to face her son. She thought for a moment of what to say. "Do you want coffee?" "With brandy please." She got a glass down from the cupboard and opened the refrigerator door. "One shot or two." "Eleven," he said forcing his nose closer to the text to lure his concentration back to the random fact article. She set down the glass. By the time she had added and took a sip of coffee, checked the waffle and turned back to Adam he hadn't done a thing. Then his arm roamed like a blind dog for the glass. "How can you drink that stuff?, and in such big gulps." "It's good for you. Anyhow you won't have to worry about it for a while." "Oh, I'll keep an extra carton around for looks." "Not nostalgia?" "No I don't think I'll miss you that much." "Shame. I'll miss you like crazy. Like a puppy." The words were coming slowly as he shifted to a new article. None of the information interested him, but still he continued to read. The topics rarely interested him though the paper itself had quite an appeal. He leaned back in his chair turning his head to look at his mother thinking it prudent to pay her attention. "How are you?" "I am awake. The rest is sort of fuzzy." "I wanted to go shopping today. For things that I will not be able to use." "All day?" "I was hoping." "Should I call the butler?" "Charley? Not today, I felt like being a scamp and putting the gloves on myself." "Wicked," she said, tipping the grill lid back completely and exchanging waffle cake for batter. He was twisting the glass in his hand back and forth and began to thank her for the grapefruit juice but she interjected. "Will you be ok there?" "I honestly don't know. Not to be simple, but I am not there yet." "But just the idea." "I am well comfortable with applying myself." "Be happy?" she sat the clear plate in front of him with a single dry waffle in top. He cut into it with a fork reasoning his decision's possible effect on a future life, and like all people do with answers, retarding their concept of self in the hopes of a surprise. "I need your rent money tomorrow. Is that fine?" "Yeah, I'll get it after I say good bye to Cy." The questions passed with food and more indifferent reading.

He asked the dog to sit and help attach the leash to her collar. She must have known better for no action was taken. He found the ring and stood as she began the walk alone. Reflecting, he had adopted the conclusion the term 'real world' was to explain a place where lying could not solve an issue. Adam knew of no such place and so no faith was put in attaining this reality. Instead he walked his dog and smiled at the neighbors. He tried to keep away from his mental to-do list, and then from thinking about his only home, and town and life to date which left him with little to think about. So he tried not to think at all. He looked at his quiet dog not believing animals had the power to turn off thought but wondering why they gave that indication. There was a great acceptance in their eyes. The father of a loosely acquainted old friend waved Adam to cross the street. The pink collared man started a conversation loudly to make up the distance but did not adjust when the distance was traversed. Adam agreed with a soft whisper, pulling the leash like a fly fishing pole to sit the dog. "So which branch are they putting you in?" "Well they don't put you in one, you kinda have to graduate first and then they find a good place for ya." "Man, that's a lucky brake. My Teddy, he had the skills but not the drive. He's gonna finish school no problem, but he had so much when he was playing ball." "Yeah, I remember him scoring a few good ones." "So did you. But you sorta took a different turn too." "I guess you just loose the respect for that you did. Gotta leave with more good memories rather than regret." "Yeah. That's the truth. I been guilty of leaving too soon. It's the leaving too soon, that's worse." "You think." "Well, you haven't had the chance yet to walk out on many things yet, but yeah. It is... it's a tender spot for sure."

"That's a weird thing." "What's that." "I just never thought about it that way." "Oh, don't think about it. It's a terrible thing to think about. Much better time is wasted."

"I'm give my dog a run before I go, Mom won't ever. I'll see you soon Mr. Avery." Adam wasn't paying attention any more, not to the salutations being shouted, not to his or his dog's noises: a visual periphery of black ever green and telephone line took over and the brightness in his nose excited him. He couldn't feel the cold weather, no jokes or songs ran thru his head. He related these times to a metaphysical inversion of tunnel vision, enjoying reflections that could not describe the blank event with memory. The barking of Susie clipped his pace into a few trip-like steps before stopping. He cupped his hands on his crown listening to heavy breaths. "Susie, do you have any soda? I really want a cherry cola, but with a cherry not flavoring. I mean I have the cherry, I just wanna know if you have the soda." She paid his silliness no mind.

"Dinner and a movie! Mom I think you're trying to tell me something. But I don't know what yellow squash and potato mean with a western." "They mean you're leaving soon and I like western." Each light, from the laundry room to living to kitchen to dining room was on absorbing the rooms into a compact strip. "So this is a traditional last meal." "Oh, we aren't going to have dinner tomorrow before you leave?" She sounded genuinely upset so he apologized, "No, we're gonna. I had a fart in my head that confused me." "Maybe now you'll listen to me about sleeping on your stomach." "Cougar," spoken from a seated position in a single chair facing the television rotating his dinner plate. Adam's father turned the laundry light off and shut the open door. "Hey there: to the table. Off with the television too," as he turned the light next to Adam off. In response to her husband, "Uh, no dear, TV stays on. Western." She passed the round table separating the family room from the kitchen crisscrossing paths with child, and seated disappeared from view. Adam set his plate adjacent to his father's, who was turning back on the dining room light. His father's skin was seasoned and hands looked manicured. His hair wasn't showing the slightest signs of thinning or gray. "Is there any where I need to take you tomorrow?" Adam shook and said, "I just have things around the house to do." "I will be at work in the morning so for dinner I will just come by and we will leave from here." "Ok," Adam looked down at his plate saying grace in his head and calling for a question to ask, "Is Emily going to be there?" "I think she will meet us a little later." His father looked in the television's direction, "Well really now." He stood walking back to the end of the kitchen. The dining room light turned off and on and off once more, before he sat next to his wife. In the darkness wooden legs became hanging vines and twisted roots under a tablecloth canopy. The rooms had fractured once again. Adam ate alone listening to the commercials and gun play passing up several wants to refill his milk.

The more absent from the room he was the easier the conversion. Many storage boxes were filled to leave the space cleanly, ready for a new term as guestroom. He took care packing the boxes but restrained an organizational method so not to complicate the process. A simplified outlook would ease the chore as well. Retrieving the limited company of his possessions from the baggage claim area in the airport terminal would be the first recognition of many proofs of separation. He had packed little for travel. His mother entered the room opening the door with an intrigued look. "Pa sent me into say goodnight for him." She sat on the bad next to him, the quilt she smoothed was diamonds of strawberry and red and white pattern print cloth. "It seems so big with the walls empty." "Yes. Seems important or serious." "Well, when I redecorate it will be better. Are you well my darling?" "Yeah. I'm doing fine. Tell dad I love him. Love you too."

"We love you." Alone now he filled the remaining space of one box and consulted sleep for advice. It promised him answering dreams. He brought his arms from under the blankets lying flat on his back. The light off the waning gibbous spotlighted restlessness more than his empty walls. He looked at the walls and felt restless.

At the foot of the bed leading to the doorway was a New England styled writing desk, plain, meek character but strong wood. The only feature was a drawer which spanned the width of the front. Adam opened the drawer and took out the white envelope containing six twenty dollar bills left there one week before. Adam would hand the cash to his mother and she would return a receipt, no exceptions, teach by example. The formality wasn't more isolating than intimidating. To be so mindful of so many hazards made him resentful for wanting squeeze rubber duckies. He set the envelope back in the otherwise empty drawer and walked to the kitchen. The freezer temperature changed his appetite into something more sensible than ice cream. Grapefruit juice, just a quarter filled in a stocky cup. The couch was cold when he sat down; his feet woke the dog sliding beneath its stomach for warmth. Wishing for more to occupy his time tomorrow led to wishing the moment 'now' could have devised a fitting lead. Where did the dog go? Adam's feet had fallen asleep and he woken. He already tenderly walked back to his room.

Adam woke unusually late the next morning. The curtains on the closed window were swaying. He looked at his feet. "What was all that last night, huh? I take a quick one and you pass out." Adam didn't notice the curtains. "Yeah, well just think about me next time please." He made his way thru the empty house with a playful face, boxers blue against white stripes, one under shirt too short. He liked to think of himself as the only person who liked Strauss on the saxophone. A limited

Cynthia's mother opened the front door with bothersome conversation. It was to lighten the mood in his face but changed little. He was looking at the white painted iron work handrail pushing up the stairway and bending the span of the second floor hall. He stopped at the last visible door on the right. It was slightly cracked open. He pushed above the door handle and entered the room. She was putting on shoes that looked uncomfortable and dressy. "Were you invited to a ball?" "I was suppose to meet a prince named charming as soon as you left." "I sent him away, I thought he was the milk man. Sorry." She loved the fantasy in his conversation. It was light and refreshing and there were no expectations to keep up with. She thought back to a blend of particular afternoons when they would share her bed and she half taken by her pillow and half by his concentric stories was in total comfort. It didn't last long. The ability to ramble in conversation, moving around topics like a forklift in big uncomfortable blocks of madness interjected itself when either tried to make a point. Both tried to leave the past alone to concentrate on a less intimidating now. To be as simple a representation of self as possible failed. Words trickled back backward with remembrance and discrepancy laden the mood. Appreciation, respect, those are actions not words. Adam used his words now to shake off the sleepy state of emotion, "No, if it was really nothing you would have called and made a joke out of it with me. But instead you chose to protect me with ignorance so you could feel more comfortable seeing me at the last minute, and hoping that the pressure it would create would save us from confronting all those passed up reoccurring doubts. I don't believe you don't love me. I just know I haven't been comfortable in a long time because I'm still very much in

shape changed by the birds calling and color, so too, the road way's curve deeply flexed in attention like he was at this moment. Every nuance of this ignored setting was singing in a recognizable harmony as it had never before. He was swept along with this, accompanied by the words of Mr. Aldous Huxley, "But these were not the really important facts. The really important facts were that spatial relationships had ceased to matter very much and that my mind was perceiving the world in terms of other than spatial categories. At ordinary times the eye concerns itself with such problems as Where? - How far? How situated in relation to what? ...Place and distance cease to be of much interest. The mind does its Perceiving in terms of intensity of existence, profundity of significance, relationships within a pattern. ...What I noticed, what impressed itself upon my mind was the fact that all of them glowed with living light and that in some the glory was more manifest than in others."

1-4; 2-6; 3-12; 4-13; 5-10; 6-15; 7-2; 8-14; 9-5; 10-7

I sit with my knees drawn up.
It offers a resting place for my
attention, and makes me feel
(and look) limber. But, truth
be told, it is hard to breathe...
and the breaths are labored
and shallow.

Forgive me.

Rose's cactus wren
spider plant ever
7 x 4, or 364, da
when all three
was December 3

WATERING

with the grace of a antisocial fourteen year old
i try to keep up with the things going on around me
treading pavement

and fragmented excerpts played on his saxophone from the memories of freshman marching band. He was about to play when he saw on the mantle a small decorative English clock. Cynthia would be very upset he had not called yet on their last day. He would have little more than three hours to spend in what he expected to be a tense goodbye. Tense parting. "One day a single wave of water did not ebb with the others and shocked, all the other waves paused to watch the continuing flow. It continued out of sight without hesitation and the others began again, quietly this time, their jobs very thoughtful. Soon one wave came upon the beach and called out the sound of his name questioning, then every wave at their turn called the same name out. And that is why now the ocean's voice seems so mournful." He'd never even been to the ocean. Phone conversations are odd devices. The simulation is so convincing that the communication seems adequate until a joke is misunderstood and the conversation seems like a farce. He resented the phone for that limitation and used it as little as possible. "If you'd like to come over now that is fine. I was going to walk over there. ...Walk really fast then. ...Yeah, I can't really help that now. But I want to... Ok. Five ten minutes then. Bye, I love you."

He smeared his palm across his face sighing. When you exercise the right to be cruel, you endanger the ability to love subtly. He didn't know if knowledge of desire was a better guardian. Or were they both tactics to avoid a changing fear. He wondered how long he could ward off the future repercussions of present choices. He was worried it was getting easier to do so. Easier to forget a lie, easier to believe an exaggeration, he was finding it difficult to discern between help and pity.

love with you. And, because I have to leave it seems even that doesn't matter." She held silence like a baby blanket she felt too old for. Speak up, say anything that will matter that will make the memories of this easier. He couldn't sit and look at her any longer in silence. "I found nine cat in a tree on my way here. One stopped me by tapping its tail on my shoulder. 'Did you see the scary mice around anywhere?' another said. 'No.' I replied, keeping the mice's secret very safe." She smiled and set the silk handkerchief back on the nightstand immediately exchanging it to fondle a plastic figure. "When do you get your first break?" "Around May. But it's not long enough to come back for. I think I will make friends with a local kid to stay with back there." "Will you be safe." "I'll be safe with every one I meet." "And hang my picture up by your bed." "I think that will affect moral." "For the worse." "For my worse." Their palms were bouncing off each others in a way that made her bed a sandbox. There wasn't enough privacy in their world to approach the directness their backs faced. Her fingertips slid up the length of his forearm feeling the crease bisecting the limb. She thought about pin cushions filled with sewing needles. The door opened and Cynthia's mother leaned in hoping to interrupt but not upset. "Adam, it getting past five. Do you want me to drive you back to your place?" "I can drive him back," Cynthia said. "No it's fine thank you, I am going to walk." "Alright I'm going to go now." "Thank you." The door shut and the discomfort reappeared like an urban legend ghou. "I love you." He said stopping her hand in his grip. She leaned in and their ears met. "I love you too." She whispered to herself.

He closed the front door and walked away from their brick built house. The curtain looked different from the outside than in; their movement matched the reflections of clouds, the suddenly apparent, brilliant unexpected

"AM I IN CONTROL OF MY BOWELS?"

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



Q: If Mickey Mouse fought Donald Duck, who would win?

A: Donald, but only if he had a knife

del pollo
delle uova

some chicken
some eggs

A Song about the Weather

How can we give them something to talk about
 When we aint got words of our own?
 You speak in metaphors I can't figure out
 And most times I'd rather be all alone
 Instead of letting this silly silence drone
 Let's sing a song about the weather
 so we don't have to talk at all
 so we don't have to talk at all

I'll sing high and sustained
 and you, you can sing the pouring rain
 I doubt that our thoughts are the same,
 but we probably share a similar pain
 Let's sing the pain away
 Let's sing a song about the weather,
 so we don't have to talk at all

And now the rainclouds, they're moving on
 and the wind is wet against my ears
 looks like we're gonna have to sing the sun
 before it slowly disappears
 and we'll have to talk about your tears
 Let's sing a song about the weather
 so we don't have to talk at all
 Let's sing the lightening, and watch trees fall

I'll sing low and mundane
 and you, rap the moon and the way it wanes
 I'll keep getting louder the more you complain
 So, Shut up with the complaining already...

leaving. For an instant I wondered if she was attracted to me, but the thought quickly left my head. I had neither the strength nor energy to analyze that idea at that particular moment.

After the entourage had left, Kathryn, Justice, and I sat in silence for about thirty seconds and it was Kathryn that had the first word:

"Wasn't it weird," she said "how Andres talked to us like he had just met us or something...I mean...come on. He practically lived at my house for three months."

I said I know, and lit another cigarette. Kathryn and Justice started talking again and eventually I left. I drove home listening to this They Might Be Giants record that Steven let me borrow.

Speaking of Steven, earlier that day I had been hanging out with Steven. See, Kathryn had to work on a paper for school so I thought it would be nice to free her from my constant use of the stereo and overtly analytical dialogue, so I took off to have some lunch with Steven. I got to his house and knocked on the door with shave and a hair cut. That is just how I always knock. He opened the door with disheveled hair and his flannel shirt unbuttoned, revealing his overly hairy chest. Steven is definitely of some kind of Irish or Scottish decent, his skin is pale and very temperature sensitive and his hair is light and strawberry blonde. He is one of my favorite people in this chapter of my life. He smiled beautifully and invited my in. We shot the shit a little bit and watched his dad and brother talk and watch football. Later, in my car driving to get food, we listened to this Shudder to Think album I had recently purchased (and in turn am attempting to push on all of my friends and family). It was just a really nice moment. Steven is one of those people that can stare at a pile of shit for two hours and immediately afterwards explain to you (with too much reverie and animation) why the shit is beautiful and how he can see himself in the shits complexities. I was happy because I knew after listening to the album he would be so excited and we would talk relentlessly about its many facets. As if we were too people devising a plan to cure an incurable disease or build an un-buildable machine, we would discuss its ever possibility. He inspires me.

I just stared at the balloon I got Kathryn, for her twenty-first birthday, for a long time. Almost all of the helium had long since escaped, so it just lays on the ground slightly wrinkled and sad looking. I picked it up a few times and threw it in the air, but it just kept gently falling back down to the ground. I just kept thinking it was a strange reminder of something that is supposed to be fun. I think I am going to ask if I can throw it away.

I have had jury duty all this week. Overall it has been an interesting experience. I have begun waking up earlier and I feel like an . As if I am living in secret among the eight to fivers, disguised as juror number seven.

Yesterday was my last day of jury duty. I woke up at six and got ready and all that (its funny because Kathryn had jury duty this week also so it was almost like a family outing or something) and drove to the court house. I did not have to be there until nine but Kathryn had to be there at eight so I had an hour to kill. I went upstairs and bought myself a donut and a cup of coffee. The cashier in the cafeteria is this middle aged blind guy who is a bit overweight. He sits in this chair by the cash register and occasionally will cry out in a monotonous little voice: "anybody there...anybody there?" It is a little bit spooky if you ask me. He counts back change in a very precarious and almost dizzying way. It makes me feel as if I am getting shortchanged every time, and yet I never say anything because he is blind...

I have just had a revelation of sorts. I just finished reading this book called Youth in Revolt, which is very funny and insightful if you ask me, and upon reflection I realized that I am not a teenager anymore (figuratively...I am not so spaced out as to consider twenty still teen). Its like, when you are a teenager you are absolutely positive that there is a uniqueness that separates you from the rest of humanity. I have had many times in my life, for instance in high school or on family outings, when I have casually marveled at the differences between myself and the entire human race. However as I now pass through the portal of adulthood this uniqueness is becoming harder and corrugated. Every time I attach myself to that once very familiar feeling, I feel a strange sensation of alienation. It's as if I am coming to terms with being another nameless face passing by on the street. Another blank stare crossing the crosswalk meeting with every driver's anticipatory eyes. It becomes a lot harder to be unique in a world so focused on banality. I don't want to sound like I am some neo hip punk rocker fervorishly spitting out anarchic ideals, for that is not my intent in the slightest. I am somehow just trying to come to grips with this destitute, this lonely road. Perhaps now, at the point where I can at least distinguish the parameters of my reality and see through the guided disposition of my predecessors, is the only time where I will be able to make any kind of significant impact on my environment.

I guess the bottom line is. I no longer feel innocent. I am no longer a prisoner of some kind of adult run social structure (although applying other perspectives that is still the case) in which I am told what to do and what to say and when and how to say or do these things. There is no longer some underlying meaning to wake me from my bed at a certain hour and propel me to accomplish a certain task. I am now utterly and painfully aware of the nothingness that humanity has shaped itself into. For instance, I have always been very fond of music, for I consider it an intangible and aberrant means of communication that is absolutely fascinating. Thus forth I have always been driven to devote my life to it in some way. But as the days trudge on, I cannot see the purpose in pursuing my passions. Even my most involved ones. If I were to devote my life to music, yielding tours endless night and other things very exciting to me, where would I be in say forty years? Would I be some enlightened older male, ready and willing to distribute good will and advice on my more then eventful life, or would I be just another jaded old coot, looking back at my younger years and feeling guilt and regret over the things I did not accomplish and sadness and longing for the things I did? My suspicions cause me to sway towards the second option.

It could be argued that I am being pessimistic in that regard, but I consider myself a realist as opposed to a pessimist or optimist. Most people I know are so predictable in every fashion, and although I do find myself admiring the beauty in them more often than not, I feel this unquestionably self-driven anxiety and uneasiness. Sometimes late at night, when I am reading or listening to music I imagine relocating. I imagine moving my entire self and being to some other city, where no one knows me and I could start anew. I could acquaint myself with new and interesting people. People that I felt were on the same wavelength as me and were only out to live artistic and benign lives. The idea sound so fascinating that I begin to fantasize about these imaginary unmet individuals who I would laugh with and joke with and make love to and play music with. But when I slowly fade back in to reality I feel even more pathetic and suffocated. For I know that people are the same wherever you go and they instinctively only react to your personality. A person's perception is the only thing that dictates what kind of person he or she is going to be surrounded with. Perhaps I should learn to not take advantage of my surroundings and take things for face value more often. But looking out the window now this night, watching the cars go by endlessly, I realize that I have always been afflicted with this depression...for as long as I can remember. This incredible hallow I feel in my heart is so consuming. It has affected every intimate relationship I have had; it has affected every endeavor I have set out to work upon or accomplish, and as long as I

a apartment filled style a cool morning air that hits my face
and ~~xxxx~~ relieves my lungs after two hours of sleep and still

am willing and able to press and twist and bend the constructs of my reality, I know that I will carry this weight. I have no illusions of martyrdom. I have no metaphors of pain and ingenuity. I can only live each day distracted and idling, hoping that one day I will snap myself out of this fucking mess. Out of this deranged and beautiful mess of a world I have created.

Forgive me for this monumental outburst of philosophical skullduggery but I just had some stuff on my mind.



I am very tired right now. Perhaps exhausted is a better describing word in this instance. I'm having one of those tired times when the eyes become very shifty and its really hard to focus on one thing for a great period of time, because every time you do happen to glance elsewhere it is as if the spirit of every object you were examining previously, is carried with you into your next viewing angle. My mouth feels as if I lit one cigarette after another and after taking one drag extinguished them on my tongue and swallowed the entrails. That type of tired where your body is begging for sleep and operating inefficiently in order to red flag your mind.

I am not really sure why I choose this moment to finally sit down and think on paper. It has been a very strange time for me...these last ten months or so.

I was lying in bed just now—I had just finished watching a movie with my girlfriend (she fell asleep)—awake, staring at the blue television screen. I was kind of half staring at the television attempting in vein to visually deconstruct the intricate waves of color that fused together to collectively conceive blue, and half lost in my own mind, when something just happened. I'm not sure what...it was like I woke up. However inconceivable that may be considering I was not sleeping (the mountain dew made sure of that) I just felt clear-headed. I turned my head and lay my right side gently on the pillow and sheets, and just kind of stared at Kathryn for awhile. She was asleep for the most part but every few minutes she would kind of toss and turn, no doubt disturbed by the electronic twilight emitted by the busy strands of blue on the TV. The entire room was a very gentle and synthetic blue. I stared at her for a long time. Occasionally I would rub my hand gently on her face but she would become irritated and turn her head as if her instincts were telling her a bug was on her face or something. I remembered why I love her so much. She is so amazing on so many fronts. While I was talking to her on the telephone the other day, my downstairs neighbor was attempting to fit a bicycle in the back of his already full pick up truck. He was attempting the task at every angle, yet it appeared to be impossible. Regardless of this fact he persevered, computing the lengths and parameters in his head and every other second or so trying a new angle. I told Kathryn what he was doing and said I didn't think that anybody thought enough anymore. I wondered if my downstairs neighbor had every looked in the mirror and pined over his face. Or even had a moment where he had to stop what he was doing and admire the complexities of his reality. I was convinced that he hadn't. Kathryn told me I was probably wrong, and I thought she was wonderful for saying that.

I don't know...relationships are strange. I always look at Kathryn and know that I will never have any regrets for experiencing the moments I have spent with her. Sometimes I look at her and feel as if I have been a fool my whole life and she has somehow come to me by a cosmic mistake...at tonight I am so grateful for that mistake. However there are times when I can't, for the life of me, decide why I have committed myself to a person as complex and idiosyncratic. Kathryn and I have been fighting a lot lately and it is very emotionally trying for the two of us. I fear that the end of our relationship is imminent, and I am saddened by that prospect. Overwhelmingly confused and heartbroken is another way of looking at it. Destitute and hopeless is yet another.

The other night was Justice's birthday party and Kathryn and I were, obviously, invited. At the last moment possible, Kathryn decided that she neither had the mental stability or courage to venture into such a trying social circumstance. We fought for the next two hours about the matter. The reasons why are rooted very very deeply. We have, sort of, constructed our relationship upon the idea that we are both the black sheep in our circle of friends (speaking strictly in a social arena). We fought because I insisted that we confront our fears and socialize amongst our friends, to prove to them that we were not intimidated by their bizarre and confrontational demeanors. She insisted that she stay for her vulnerability was too overwhelming at that moment and I should support her in this matter. During the fight, she gave me the ring back that I bought for her, and said if I go, to take it with me. The outcome of the fight is not important (although she once again wears the ring) it is simply the premise of the fight and its facets that lead me to believe that the end is near. I am tired of typing now...

More padding.
More suffocating.
More padding.



Personified Toy Box

Number of Players: 5-15
Length of Time: 20-60 minutes
Preparation: Names of toys are written in advance on slips of paper, one for each player.
Object of the Game: To guess what toy is being described.
To Play:

I don't cry anymore.
I don't scream anymore.
I don't hurt anymore.
I don't struggle anymore.

I just lie still and try
to play dead.
Hoping the big bad
bear of life just sniffs
me and keeps on moving.

Move on bear.
Nothing here for you today.
No reason for you to stay.
Nothing here so go away.

Leave me here unharmed.
Leave me here unarmed.
Leave me here like a stone.
Leave me here alone.

Move along now bear.
Move along from here.

The papers indicating toys are distributed. Players look at them and think of clues to help the other players guess what they are.

A player starts the game by making a statement about himself as if he were the toy, and as if the toy were a person, e.g., "I have a bouncy personality."

The other players attempt to guess what toy he is. The first player to guess correctly gets a point. However, if a person makes an incorrect guess, he eliminates himself from that round.

If no one guesses correctly, the toy gives another clue about himself. "I am often found in parks." He gives more clues, if necessary, becoming increasingly obvious until someone guesses correctly (in this case, a rubber ball).

For each round, other players introduce themselves in turn.

Variation:

Other items may be personified, such as zoo animals, home appliances, machines, etc.

Purpose or Benefit

"Personified Toy Box" encourages creativity, problem-solving reasoning, and puns.

smirks of nighttime

Implied cheering of implied crowd supposedly simulated by implied audio/visual

after old Instruction flyers win last, but a warlock unfettered may bicycle past.

All opinions, expressed or inferred, are just that; Opinions...thrust from the author's hold, to survive for as long as they can. Love them or leave them, but please, do not dwell.

Team H.U.G.S.: Dean Haakenson, Eric Hickox,
Stacy Johnson, Joey Kashuba,
Sabrina LeCompte, Scott Moore,
Michael Sparks Jr.

ଓପେନ ମାର୍କେଟ (all beginning at 20:00) •

Mon.

The Blue Lamp (Alhambra & N)

The Fox and Goose (10th, between S & R)

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next to Rick's Desert (24th and K)

Wed.

Old Ironsides (10 & S)

The Distillery (21 & L) * 22:00 start



J. Halpin